

The Flood

by dudeispink

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Summary: The Flood have taken over the world. This story this story follows Jarred and his struggle to survive.

The Flood

Many years have the flood infected our lands. They haunt us with feelings of dread. Whilst we mourn, we wish they were still alive. On our planet this is not the case we used to love the dead and mourn. But now, now we know better. The flood we call them. The flood ravage our lands, they steal our children, and kill our friends. I am a survivor. My name is Jarred. I am one of the last people alive. My family is dead. This is my story, this is The Flood.

"Daddy, Daddy I want up" My daughter said. "Ok, Princess. Here we go" I said as I picked her up and swung her around. "Daddy put me down" she said. "Ok" I said. I set her down on the couch. I looked as I saw a strange spider crawling in the kitchen. I got up and hit it with my shoe. It screeched. "Daddy what was that?" "Nothing" I said. I sat back down. I flipped the channel. "Breaking news" the news person said, "Strange new spiders have been seen all around the city. We are not sure what they are but we areâ€¦ AHHHHHHHHHH!" "Holy shit" I said as I watched her face transformed because of the spider digging into her face. She groaned and swung her arm at the camera.

My eyes were fixed on the TV screen. "DADDY!" I turned she had a spider on top of her. "NOOO!" I screamed. I grabbed for it but it had gone into her skin. "PRINCESS!" She punched me in the face. I went into the kitchen and grabbed a knife. I turned and cried as I stabbed her in the face. I stabbed and stabbed over and over again. Tears flew from my eyes. I saw a spider and threw my knife at it. It hit with a splat.

I went into the bathroom and locked the door. I sat in the bathtub with a pistol and a knife. I cried, and cried as I thought over and over on what I could have done. That night I cried myself to

sleep.

I awoke from my night mare that night. "Princess, are you ready for breakfast?" I walked out from the bathroom and saw her bleeding body lying on the ground. A tear flowed from my eye. I looked out the window. What I saw was hell on earth. The buildings were on fire and the living dead roamed the streets. I heard shuffling from the hall way. I hid behind the couch and loaded my pistol and cocked. I pointed it at the door. It opened and a human head peeked in woah man chill out he said. He came in and showed that he had no sign of the flood. I laid down my gun he closed the door behind him.

"My name is Phil" he said. "My name is Jarred" he said. "What happened in here" he said. "My daughter transformed." "Oh" he said "I'm very sorry for your loss." "What happened to you last night?" "My wife transformed. I tied her to the wall." He said to me. "Do you have a gun?" I asked. "Barely" he said as he pulled out a revolver. "What do we do now?" I asked. "We wait he said."

End
file.